HERO TALES OF IRELAND

As Good as the Arabian Nights.

Collected in the Original Irish from the Lips of Irish Story Tellers.

> BY JEREWIAN OURTIN Copyright, 1892, by Jornaleh Carth

FIFTH TALE.

There was a King in Erin long ago who had one son only, and the King was so fond of that son that he would not let him go out of his

sight or away from the eastle night or day. At last when the son had grown up to be 21 years of age, he said to the father: "It is time to let me go somewhere now." 'If it is exercise you want," said the King.

"I will give you a ball and a hurley."
Next day the King gave the young man ball and a hurley and he went out on the lawn to practise; he was practising for a day and s

year when a smail, gray man rose up beyond the ditch and spoke to him. Said he to the King's son. "I think you ought to be well skilled by this time. I will play a game with you if you wish." What are we to play for?" asked the Kine's

The man of us that wins is to get whatever he wishes. The other must give it to him." The two went to playing, and played all that day till the sun was going down, when the King's son made an inning.

What do you wish for now?" asked the small gray man. I wish my father's lawn to be full of horses for me to-morrow morning."

The lawn was full of horses on the following morning. All the horses were stabled and cared for. The King's son began to practise again, and practised for a day and a year. Then the small gray man came again, and they played all day. When the sun was going down in the evening the King's son made an inning.

And what do you wish for now?" asked the small gray man.
"I wish to have a rich castle on my father's lawn to-morrow morning, with servants and all that belongs to a castle."

The castle was there on the following morning, with servants and riches of all kinds. Again the King's son practised for a day and a year. Then the small gray man came to him

Well, King's son," said he, "you are practising now three days and three years, I will play with you a third time."

They played and when the sun was going down in the evening the small gray man made an inning. What do you wish?" asked the King's son.

"I wish you to be in Green Island within a day and a year from this." Where is Green Island?"

"Go and look for it: perhaps you will find it." When the King's son went to the castle that night he was downhearted and sad. What ails you? What grief is there on you

to-day, my son?" asked the father. I was besten in playing and must go in search of Green Island."

"If you must go, there is no help for it," said the King. "I will give you money for the The King's son travelled till he came to the

house of a giant, who greeted him kindly. Whither does your road lie?" asked he. "I am going in search of Green Island."

said the King's son.

The giant took him into the castle, gave him supper and lodging. "I will look through my books in the night." said he; "if I find where it is, I will tell you in the morning."
"Have you found where Green Island is?"

asked the King's son the next morning.
"I have not," said the giant, "but I have a brother who is living a good way from here; he may be able to tell you where Green Island

is." The giant then gave him two loaves of bread for the road. The King son left his blessing with the giant and went his way, travelling till be came to the castle of the second giant. That giant ran out in anger and was going to kill him.

The King's son gave him one of the two loaves of bread. As soon as the giant took it he said: "This is some of my mother's baking." The King's son got supper and lodgings.

Then the giant asked:

'I am going in search of Green Island." said the King's son.
"I will try to find in my books an account of Green Island, and if I do I will tell you in the morning," said the giant when the King's son

'Have you any tidings of Green Island?" asked the King's son the next morning.
"I have not." replied the giant, " but do you

go on by this road till you come to another rother of mine, who lives a long distance from this. Have no fear: reach him the loaf and he will know it."

The young man went, on till he came to the of the third giant. The giant was enraged when he saw the stranger and ran out to kill bim; but when the King's son gave him the loaf he said:

This is my mother's baking." The giant then took the King's son to the castle, gave him supper and lodging, and said: "I will tell you in the morning where Green Island is." When morning came the King's son asked the giant: "Will you tell me now where Green Island is ?" The giant, who was master of the air, said:

"Come out with me now. I'll call all the birds of the air and ask them if they know where Green Island to." The giant led out the King's son; when in front of the castle he said: "Oh, I have forgot-

ten my horn on the table." will bring it," said the King's son.

He ran in to get the horn, but he could it himself. He sounded it, and all the birds of the air gathered around him. There is one bird missing," said the giant.

"the golden eagle." He sounded his horn again to know would the eagle some. He waited a quarter of an hour and blew again. Soon he saw the golden eagle coming at a very great distance. When she came to the lawn she was barely able to

speak, she was so tired.
"Where were you," asked the giant, "when Leounded the horn the first time?" was in Green Island." said the eagle. Whore were you when I sounded it the

I was crossing the burning mountains." Where were you when I blew it the third

'I was in sight of this place." The giant fed the eagle well and then asked:

"Are you able to go on the same journey back egain to Green Island?"
"No. I am too weak," said the eagle. "Keep me for two weeks, and I shall be able to go.

The King's son practised every day learning to rise on her back in the air.
"Are you able to go now?" asked the giant

when the two weeks were over. "I am," said the eagle.
The giant tied a bag of meat around the

eagle's neck and told the King's son to give the bird a piece every time she asked for it. The King's son sat on the eagle's back and she rose in the air. She was rising very high You are rising too high; I am growing afraid."

I must rise high to pass the burning mountains." said the eagle.

Rise us high as you can then."

"Give me some meat." said the eagle. He gave it. While crossing the burning mountain a flame sprang up from the moun-tain and singed the eagle's wings. The King's son was in very great dread. The eagle was

The King's son watched till the three daughters of the King of Green Island were

coming to bathe; then he hid behind bushes and stole the bracelet of the youngest sister

While she was bathing.
When the three sisters had dressed after

bathing the youngest missed her bracelet The two elder sisters began to laugh at her and said: "There is no one who can steal it

but father, and he is not now on the island."

The two went away then, and left the young-

out of sight the King's son appeared, and the

"Who are you, and from what land do you

est looking for her bracelet. When they were

King's daughter fell in love with him at once.

come?" asked she.
"I am a King's son from Erin, and I have

"Come to the castle; have no fear; only stay

in Erin, for you did not give me shelter there nor a bite to eat."

He took the King's son then, put him in a cell, and told him to stay there till he sent him something to eat. Then he sent his youngest

daughter to the King's son with water and a small bite to eat. When she went in he was

crying before her.
"Be not discouraged or down-hearted," said

she brought him food of her own. He ate and

"How did you like the breakfast I sent you?"

"I liked it very well," said the King's Son

from Erin. The King went away then, and at the right hour the youngest daughter came

ringing dinner to the King's son. He threw

that away. Later on she brought him half of

her own dinner, and he ate it. In the evening the King went to the cell and said: "I have

The King's youngest daughter brought the

King's son to her chamber that evening, and

ther talked long there together. At last she

to my great-grandmother. You are to clean

The King's son from Erin took a shovel and

went to the cowhouse. There were forty win-

dows in the great cowhouse. The young man

went to work, but as often as he threw out one

shovelful three shovelfuls came in at each win-

dow of the forty, so he had to run out of the

place at last to save himself from being

The King's daughter came with his breakfast

"I have worked hard," said the King's son,

but there is far more in the cowhouse now

"Cry no more," said she, "I will clean the

With that she began to work, and for every

shovelful that she touched twenty-one shovel-fuls flew out through each of the forty win-

dows in the cowhouse. She found the pin, gave it to him, and said: "Do not go to the

eastle till an hour after I go from this place.

When my father asks for the pin you are not

to let him have it; say that the least you can

When he came to the castle the King asked.

The King asked him for it. He said he would

not give it up; the least be could have was his

chance. So he kept the breastpin. The King

put him in the cell again and left the pin with

him. The King's youngest daughter brought

Later on she brought him half her own dinner.

ing. She took him up at night to her chamber

King in the morning.
"I have another task for you to-day," said

"There is no task that you can give that I

"I have a lake here below," said the King.

"and my great-grandmother lost a gold ring in it. You are to ball out that lake to-day and

The young man took a bucket and began to

baji out the lake, but as he bailed the lake

grow deeper. So he sat down on a rock and began to cry. At midday the King's daughter

brought him one-half her own dinner and said:

You must not be downcast or sorrowful, but

While he was eating she pulled out her hand-

ment the lake began to dry, and soon there

ter found the ring and gave it to the King's

an hour after the Princess had left him.

son from Erin. He went to the castie about

"Have you the ring that I told you to get this

"I will not; the least I can have is my

chance." said the King's son. He kept the ring.

The King put him in the cell again and sent

the youngest daughter with bread and water

She gave him one-half of her own supper and took him to her chamber in the castle. At

last she said. "You must now go down to the

He hurried back to the cell and was barely

"flow did you pass the night?" asked the

"Very agreeably, indeed," said the King's

"There is a sword in the top of a tree out

it would increase as the lake and the contents

of the cowhouse did. He began to cut the tree; but it grew thicker and thicker at every

stroke. He sat down and fell to crying. The

King's daughter came toward him then, and

She struck the tree once with the hatchet

and it fell to the ground: she took the sword from the tree top, gave it to the King's son,

and said: "Come to the castle an hour after me. If my father asks for the sword do not

give it. Say that the least you can have is your

She went her way, and an hour later the

'Have you out down the tree?" asked the

"I will not; the least I can have is my

The King put him in the cell again, and said:

"I have heard that every man from Erin knows how to tell tales. I will bring you up to my

The King brought him up to the chamber. The younger daughter had a bed made at each side of the chamber, one for her father and

King's son from Erin followed her.

"Give me the sword."

"Be neither downcast nor sorrowful.

side, and you are to get that sword for me." The King's son took his hatchet and drew a line all around the trunk of the tree to see if

"I have another task for you to-day."

to him. He threw the bread and water away

annot do," said the King's son from Erin.

"I did." said the King's son from Erin.

and he was crying before her.
"What trouble is on you now?" asked she.

than when I began to clean it."

out the place and find that pin for me."

work for you in the morning; be ready."

staved there till the King came.

asked the King.

in the morning."

smothered inside.

owhouse for you."

have is your chance."

the King.

get the gold ring."

sit here and est your dinner."

morning?" asked the King.

cell before my father comes."

inside when the King came.

What task is that?"

I will cut the tree for you."

"I have." "Let me have it."

King.

chance."

some tales."

son from Erin.

Did you find the pin?"

some to-day to Green Island."

on from Erin?"
"It is," said the young man.

growing weak. She could not fly onward much longer. Then he gave her more meat and she flew further. She held on till she came down on Green Island, near a lake.

"Watch here. King's son from Erin," said the eagle. "The three daughters of the King of Green Island come to bathe in this lake, and they will come hither to-day. The youngest one wears a bracelet and while she is bathing do you take it from her. And now I must be going," said the eagle and she left

one for the King's son. She made the light burn very low, so that the chamber was almost in darkness. She took then three loaves of bread which she had made, put one in the couch of the King's son, one in the middle of the chamber, and one at the door. Then she and the King's son from Erin started off to

gether and fled in great haste. "The King said, "Now, King's son, begin your tale." must be going," said the eagle, and she left the King's son at the side of the lake.

The loaf in the couch began a tale, and the tale was so long that it kept the King listening a good part of the night. When the first tale was ended the King said. "That is a good tale, and it pleases me; tell another tale now."

The loaf in the middle of the floor began to tell a tale, and was so long telling that when it was finished the time was near morning. "That tale is very good also," said the King: "tell me a third one."

The loaf at the door began and said: "It is I that will tell you a tale now to rouse your attention. King of Green island, your daughter fled last evening with the King's son from Erin. They are far from you now, and you are the man that ought to be following them. The King sprang up, and going to the couch where he thought that the King's son was lying found only the loaf. He knew well then that it was his youngest daughter who had done this. He called his two elder daughters. and away the three went in pursuit of the

here one hour after ma."
When the King's son went to the castle and King's son. knocked, the King himself came to the door and asked: "Is it now you are coming, King's The King's youngest daughter knew very well that her fathersand sister would follow, so she told the King's son from Erin to look be hind and see if anything were coming after "Come in," said the King of Green Island:

He looked and said: " I see three birds soon "I will give you supper and lodging. That is more than you would do for me when I was ing after us a great way behind."

"Look a second time." He looked: "They are like three socks of

"Look a third time." He looked: "They are like three mountains." "Throw the pin now behind you," said she. He threw it behind him, and that moment

the whole country was covered with enormous steel spikes, standing up like a dense, branchshe; "eat only what I bring of my own food." He threw away what the King had sent, and forest before the King of Green Island and his two elder daughters. "Hurry home," said the King to his daugh-ters, "for the hammer which I left after me

under the bed." They soon brought the great weighty hammer. He battered and broke his way through the steel spikes, and the three went on again. Soon the King's youngest daughter said to the King's son: "Look behind and see if you can see them.

"I see three things as large as three birds coming after us."

"Look again." said she after awhile. "They are like three cocks of hay." "Lood a third time."

"They seem like three mountains."

said: "You must be down before my father "Throw the ring behind you." The moment he threw the ring the whole country behind them was a lake. The King He was down in the cell before the old King. who said: "There is a cowhouse outside that has not been cleaned for a hundred and twencould not cross it but said to his two elder daughters: "Go home for the bucket that ty years, and in it is a breastpin that belonged stands in my chamber."

> "Give it here," said the King. He bailed out the lake, and the three hastened on. The King's youngest daughter said to the

They hastened and prought the great bucket.

King's son:
"Look behind and see if they are coming." "They are like three birds again." "Look a second time."

"They are like three cocks of hay."

Look a third time." They are like three mountains."

"Throw the sword now behind you." He threw the sword; the whole country beaind the two was covered with a great forest so thick that no one could pass through it. The King sald to his daughters: "Go home for the axe I left behind me."

They brought the axe; he cut a way through the forest, and they rushed on again. The fleeing couple came to a river one mile in width: there was a boat at the bank be fore them: in they sprang and rowed with all their might forward. The King of Green Island could jump three-fourths of a mile. The boat was three-fourths of a mile out when He sprang forward and came down just be hind the boat. That moment the King's son struck him with the oar on the head and he

died. The two landed safely and went forward at their ease. There is no one to fear now," said they. The Ling's son travelled with the daughter of the King of Green Island till he came near

his own father's cautle.
"Walt here now a while, and I will come for "You are to kiss no one," said the King's He ato that, and she told him she would bring him to her own room by night, and to be down ughter. "while you are gone, or let any one kiss you. If you do you will forget me that

moment. in the castle, but he was down before the old He went into the castle; he kissed no one and would let no one kiss him; but his old dog. which was lying in a corner, sprang up and kissed him. He forgot the King's daughter that moment. She waited, and when he did not come back to her she went away for her-

self to a forest.

There was a blacksmith's house and a forge in the forest. When night was coming she went up in one of the trees, and there was a well under the tree. There was moonlight that night, and the blacksmith's maid came to draw water. She saw the reflection of a young woman in the water, and thought it her own

face that she saw.
"Oh, then, it is the shame and the pity that such a beauty as I should be serving in the eabin of a blacksmith!" She threw the bucket away, went off, and

was seen no more by the blacksmith. The blacksmith's wife waited: then fearing that the maid had failen into the well went to look for her. She saw the reflection in the water, thought it was her own face and said: "It is a shame for me to be the wife and slave of a blacksmith, and I such a fine-looking woto her husband. The blacksmith went out in search of the

maid and his wife, came to the well, looked in. that of a woman; so he looked up in the tree and saw a young woman.
"Come down." said he. "'Tis on account of you that my wife and the maid are gone. You

must come and keep house for me now."
She went home with the blacksmith and cooked for him till one day she heard that the King's son was to be married, and the blacksmith said:

"If you would go to the wedding you might find service and earn something."

"If you would go to the wedding you might find service and earn something."

She went, and a grand ple was to be made the night before the wedding. "May I make this pio?" asked she of the chief cook. The chief cook grew angry and said: "You could not make the pic."

The young woman then gave him five gold coins, and the chief cook let her make the pic. She made the pic then, and put her father's castle, the cowhouse, the tree, and the lake on it, so the King's son could see them.

When the ple was seen every one said: "There must be a stranger in the castle."

The cook was calle!, and he said it was a young woman that made it.

"Send her hither." said the King.

She went up and remained with the company. During the evening all were telling tales, and at last the King of Erin said to the young woman. Now you must tell us a tale." I have no tale, said she. "but I will show you a trick if you let me."

"I will, indeed." said the King.

She threw down two grains of cats, and a cock and hen rose up from them. She threw one grain of oats then between the two. The hen fook the grain and the cock picked her.

You would not have done that to me the day you were cleaning the cowhouse and I had to help you. Said the hen.

She threw a third train, the hen took it, and the cock picked her.

"You would not have done that to me the day you were catting down the great troe to get my fath rys sword, nor when I made three loaves, and the two of us lied."

All it once the King's son remembered the young woman, and knew her that moment. Then he turned to his father and said: "I'll have no wife but this woman."

The King's an in Erin then married the dauriter of the King of Ocean Island, and the two lived happily ever after.

THE END OF THE PIPTH TALE.

SUSY;

The Story of a Waif.

BY BRET HARTE.

(uppright, 1882, by the Author CHAPTER VII.

What other speech passed between Clarence and Payton's retainers was not known, but not a word of the interview seemed to have been livulged by those present. It was generally believed and accepted that Judge Peyton met his death by being thrown from his halfbroken mustang and dragged at its heels, and medical opinion, hastily summoned from Santa Inez, after the body had been borne to the corral and stripped of its hideous encasings. declared that the neck had been broken and death had followed instantaneously. An inquest was deemed unnecessary.

Clarence had selected Mary to break the

news to Mrs. Peyton, and the frightened young girl was too much struck with the change still visible in his face and the half authority of his manner to decline, or even to fully appreciate the calamity that had befallen them. After the first benumbing shock Mrs. Peyton passed into that strange exaltation of excitement brought on by the immediate necessity for action, followed by a pallid calm, which the average spectator too often unfairly ac-cepts as incongruous, inadequate, or articial. There had also occurred one of those strange compensations that wait death or disruption by catastrophe; such as the rude shaking down of an unsettled life, the forcibie realization of what were vague speculations, the breaking of old habits and traditions, and the unloosing of half-conscious bonds. Mrs. Peyton, without insensibility to her loss or disloyalty to her affections, nevertheless felt a relief to know that she was now really Susy's guardian, free to order her new life whorever and under what conditions she chose as most favorable to it. and that she could dispose of this house that was wearying to her when Susy was away, and which the girl herself had always found insupportable. She could settle this question of Clarence's relations to her daughter out of hand, without advice or opposition. She had a brother in the East who would be summoned to take care of the property. This consideration for the living purued her even while the dead man's presence still awed the hushed house; it was in her thoughts as she stood beside his bier and adjusted the flowers on his breast, which no longer moved for or against these vanities. and it stated with her even in the solitude of ber darkened room.

But if Mrs. Peyton was deficient, it was Susy who filled the popular idea of a mourner, and whose emotional attitude of a grief-stricken daughter left nothing to be desired. It was she who, when the house was filled with sympathizing friends from San Francisco and the ew neighbors who had hurried with condolences, was overflowing in her reminiscences of the dead man's goodness to her, and her own undying affection; who recalled omi-nous things that he had said and strange premonitions of her own, the result of her ever present filial anxlety; it was she who had hurried home that afternoon impelled with vague fears of some impending calamity: It was she who drew a picture of Peyton as a doting and almost too indulgent parent, which Mary Rogers failed to recognize, and which brought back vividly to Clarence's recollections her old childish exaggerations of the Indian massacre. I am far from saying that she was entirely insincere or nerely acting at these moments; at times she was taken with a mild hysteria brought on by the exciting intrusion of this real event in her monotonous life, by the attention of her friends. child, and the advancement of her position as the beiress of the Robles Rancho. If her tears were near the surface they were at least gentine, and filmed her violet eyes and reddened her protty eyelids quite as effectually as if they had welled from the depths of her being. Her black frock lent a matured dignity to her figure and paled her delicate complexion with the refinement of suffering. Even Clarence was moved in that dark and haggard abstrac-

out reak over the body of his old friend. The extent of that change had not been noticed by Mrs. Peyton-who had only observed that Clarence had treated her grief with a grave and silent respect. She was grateful for that: a repetition of his boyish impulsivesuch a moment; she only thought him more mature and more subdued and, as the only man now in her household, his services had

been invaluable in the emergency. The funeral had taken place at Santa Inez. where half the county gathered to pay their last respects to their former fellow citizen and neighbor, whose legal and combative victories they had admired, and whom death had ifted into a public character. The family were returning to the house the same afternoon: Mrs. Peyton and the girls in the carriage, the female house servants in another, and Clarence on horseback. They had reached the first plateau, and Clarence was riding a little in advance, when an extraordinary figure, rising from the grain beyond, be-

riding a little in advance, when an extraordinary figure, rising from the grain beyond, began to gesticulate to him wildly. Checking the driver of the first carriage, Clarence bore down upon the stranger. To his amazement it was Jim Hocker! Mounted on a peaceful, unwieldy plough horse, he was nevertheless accourted and armed after his most extravagant fashior; in addition to a heavy rille across his saddle bow he was weighted down with a knife and revolvers. Ciarence was in no mood for trifling and almost rudoly demanded his business.

"Gord—Clarence, it ain't foolin'. The 'sister's title' was decided yesterday."

"I know it, you feel! It's your title! You were already on your land and in possession. What the devil are you doing here to 'make the division' and grab all they could. And I followed. And I found out that they were going to grab Judge Peyton's house because it was on the line, if they could. And findin' you was all away by Gord—they did—and they're in it! And I strolled out and rode down here to warn ye." He stopped, I oked at Clarence, glanced carkly around him and then down on his accoursements. Even in that supreme moment of sincerity he could not resist the possibilities of the situation. "It's as inuch as my life's worth." he said gloomily. But," with a dark glance at his weapons. "I'll sell it dearly."

"I'm' said Charence in a terrible voice. "You're not lying again?"

"No." said Jim. hurrledly. "I swear it. Clarence: No! Honest Injin, this time! And look! I'll help you. They ain't expectin' you yet, and they think you'll come by the road. If I raised a scare off there by the corral while you're creepin' round by the back, mebbee ye could get in while they're all lookin for ye in front, don't you see? I'll raise a big row and they needn't know but what ye'va got wind of it and brought a party from baut I nee!"

In a llash clarence had wrought a feasible plan out of Jim's fantasy.

"Good," he said, wringing his old companion's hand. "Goback quietly now hang 'round the corral and when you see h

your coun home. Your presence there just how is the one important thing—whatever happens afterward."

Sie recognized his maturer tone and determined manner and nodded assent. More than that, a faint fire came into her handsome eyes; the two girls kinded their own at that flaming to cason and sat with flushed cheeks and suspended, indignant breath. They were Western Americans, and not used to imposition.

"You must get down before we raise the hill, and fallow ine on foot through the grain. I was thinking, he added turning to Mrs. Peyton, "of your bondoir window." She had been thinking of it, too, and nodded. "The vive has loosened the bars." he said.

"If it hasn't we must squeeze through them," she returned simply.

At the end of the torrace Clarence diamounted and helped them from the carriage. He then gave directions to the coachman to follow the road elewiv to the coachman to follow the road elewiv to the coachman to follow

your morey and all your friends you've forgotten one thing! You haven't got possession and we have."

"That's just where we differ," said Clarence coolly. "for if you will take the trouble to examine the house you will sae that it is already in nossession of Mrs. Peyton—my tenant." His paused to give effect to his revelations. But he was, nevertheless, unprepared for an unreheaved dramatic situation. Mrs. Peyton, who had been tired of waiting, and was listening in the massage, at the mention of her name entered the gallery, followed by the young ladies. The slight look of surprise upon her face at the revelation she had hat heard of Chrence's ownership, only gave the suggestion of her having been unexpectedly disturbed in her pescojul seclusion. One of the Mexicans turned pale, with a frightened glance at the passage, as if he expected the figure of the doad man to follow.

The group fell back. The game was overand lost! No one recognized it more quickly than the gamblers thouselves. More than that, desperate and lawless as they were, they still retained the chivalry of Western men, and severy hit was slowly doffed to the three black ill gares that stood silently in the railery. And even apologetic speech began to loosen the clenched teeth of the discomiffed leader.

"We-were—told there was no one in the house," he stammered.

"And it was the truth," said a pert, youthful, yet slightly affected voice. "For we climbed into the window just as you came in the sate."

It was Susy's words that stung their ears again, but it was busy's pretty figure, suddenly advanced, and in a slightly theartical stitude that checked their anger. There had been a sudden ominous silence, as the whole piot of rescue seemed to be revealed to them in those audacious words. But a sense of the luderous, which too often was the only perception that ever mitigated the passion of such assemblies, here suddenly a sected it was been about sour such assemblies, here suddenly a sected it was sourced to the stammer of the such as a sudden of the

"It was so like dear, good, thoughtful papa!"
"It was so like dear, good, thoughtful papa!"
said Susy, "Why, bless me"—in a lower
voice—"if that isn't that lying old Jim Hooker
standing there by the gate." CHAPTER VIII. Judge Peyton had lequeathed his entire property unconditionally to his wife. But his affairs were found to be greatly in disorder and his papers in confusion, and athough Mrs.

TAKE

mo ionec able to frought him occept, of course, when he had believe able to five dead husband in mediating between the hand of the dead husband in mediating between the hand of the dead husband in mediating between the hand of the dead husband in mediating between the hand of the dead husband in mediating between the hand of the dead husband in mediating between the hand of the hand had hand the hand had hand had had he had h